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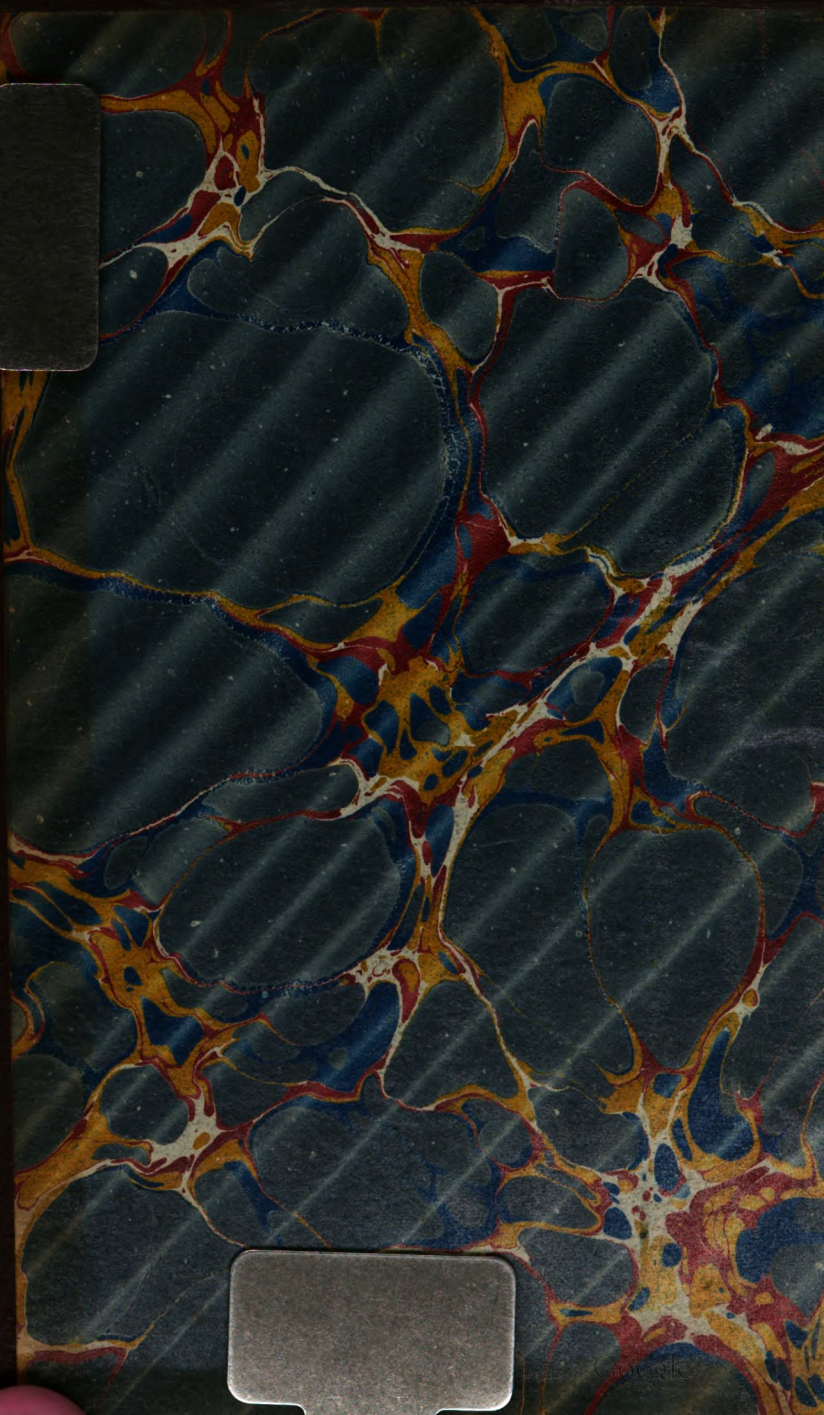
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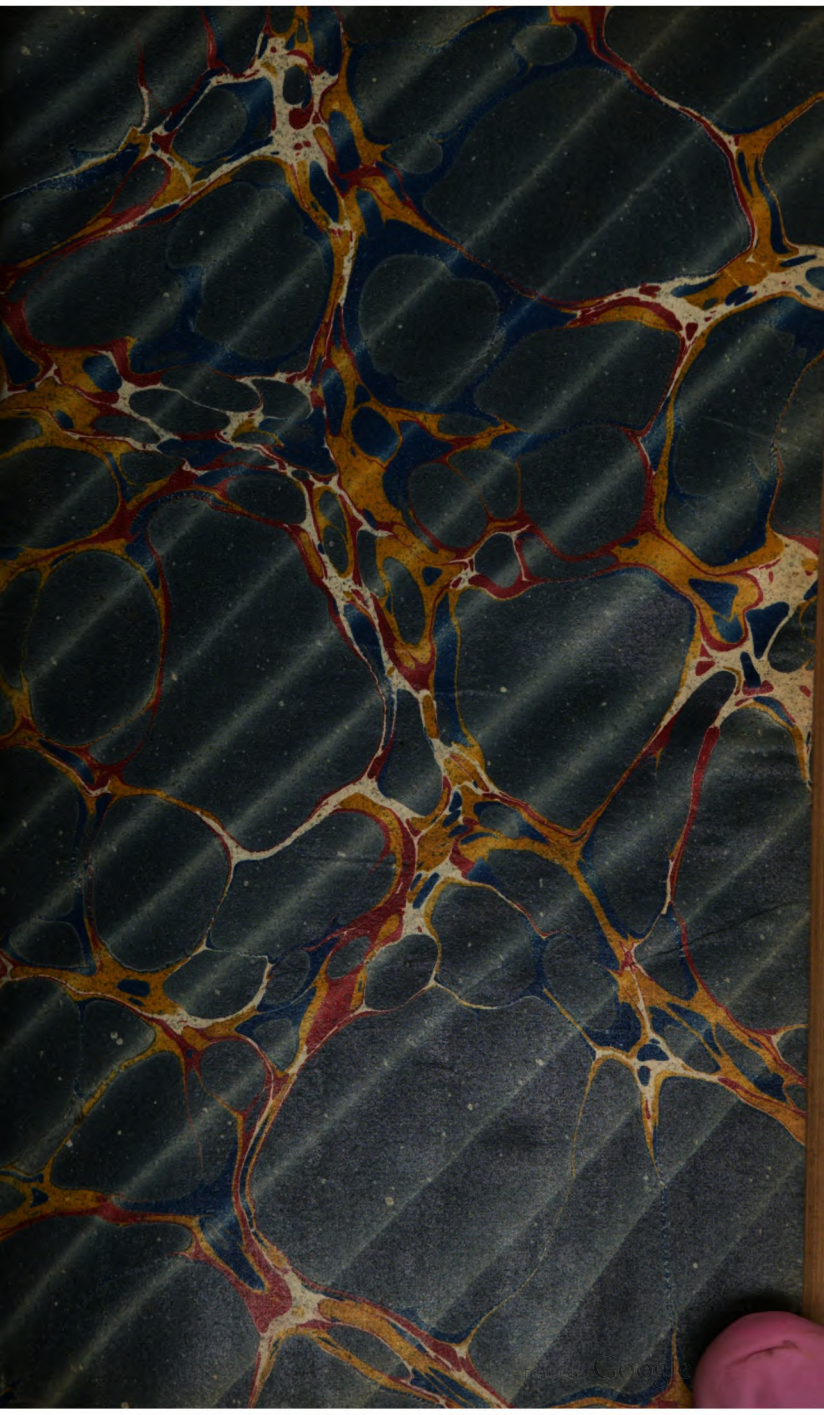
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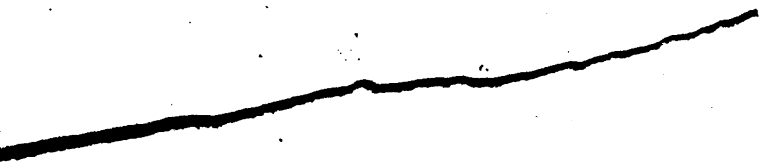


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A
TRIP TO PARIS,

IN VERSE:

BY T. S. ALLEN,

(AUTHOR OF "ORIGINAL RHYMES.")

"Celui qui n'a pas vu Paris n'a rien vu !"

PARISIAN PROVERB.

DUDLEY:

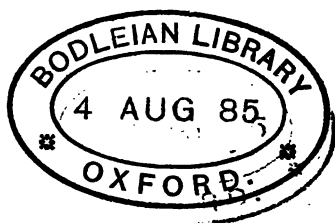
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—
1881.

280. e. 276



TO

E. J. LITTLETON, ESQ. M. P.

THE FOLLOWING PRODUCTION

IS

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT,

MOST GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

HIS HUMBLE AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THOMAS SEWELL ALLEN.

PREFACE.

THE Trip to Paris was not primarily intended to appear before an enlightened public, or to stand the test of impartial criticism.

The journey was performed in the autumn of 1827, by the author and several friends, at which time rough notes were taken, (for he had not acquired the happy facility of "rhyming on the road,") and at his return were versified for the amusement of his friends and fellow-travellers.

The epistolary style has been adopted as being somewhat novel, and the piece is supposed to have been communicated to one* *not* of the party. Thus, while it may be regarded as a tribute of friendship, it may also be considered as a mark of fraternal affection.

Happily the author has on his "list of friends" an ingenious and kind correspondent† who holds occasional intercourse with the Muses, consequently the fittest to criticise a verse production. Fragments of the piece were transmitted to him, in what he has been pleased to call "patches," which when criticised, were *dispatched* to a particular friend‡ of the travelling party, who copied them for his private perusal.

Having thus stated the real reasons for writing,

* Mr. J. Allen. † Mr. J. Herdson. ‡ Mr. G. Walker.

it may not be improper to state the motives for printing and publishing.

In addition to the individuals already alluded to, the writer has another friend* on his *list*, to whom he has read extracts of the piece, and from whom he has received the most flattering encouragement. He too had crossed the British Channel, traversed the French territories, paced the Palais Royal,—and at his instance these pages appear before the public.

It would have savoured too much of indifference, if not of ingratitude, had the writer concluded this preface without adverting to the liberal support and kind patronage of a large and respectable circle of friends and acquaintances, to whom he owes his most grateful acknowledgments, and for whom he entertains the most ardent good wishes.

To them and to the public the work is humbly presented, with a hope that they will pardon its imperfections, and call to mind the assertion of the amiable Bard of Olney,—

“ —————so slow
The growth of what is excellent; so hard
T’ attain perfection in this nether world.”

* Mr. T. H. Neracher.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

PART I.

ARGUMENT.—*Introductory address to my brother at Chippenham.—Starting from Dudley, for London, by way of Birmingham.—Description of the road.—Friendly meeting in Town.—Perambulation through the City.—Preparation for France.—Application for passports.—Places secured in the Dover Stage.—Second application at the Office of the French Ambassador.—Passports obtained.—Dinner at an Eating-house in Fleet-street.—Coach Office, Lad-lane.—Starting for Canterbury.—Description of the road thither.—Vocal Coachman.—Arrival at Rochester, and Chatham.—Ride to Sittingbourn.—Arrival at Canterbury.—Entrance to that city.—Reception at the Rose.—Supper there.—Retiring to rest.—Leaving Canterbury.—Changing horses.—Arrival at Dover.—Breakfast at the Castle Inn.—The Heights.—Embarking for France.—Occupations on board.*

DEAR JAMES—your letter found me well,
As you it left at *Bagatelle* ; (1)
A trifling name I'm well aware,
But trust you are no trifter there :
Your leisure hours I hope you spend
As I, if there, could much commend,

Close at your books—with time between
To keep your little garden clean ;
Or frame a letter, neatly penn'd,
Design'd to reach a distant friend.

I thank you for the hint you gave
Of what I may, or may not have :
A chance indeed—but by the bye,
'Twere not amiss in me to try :
To change my place I'm not inclin'd,
Since what I have is to my mind ;
The only object in my view
Is living near to SMITH and you :
For friends, you know, if friends in heart,
Are seldom known to wish to part ;
Like birds of kind, or birds of feather,
They mostly like to flock together.

You know I'm fam'd for long migrations,
And frequent *trips* to foreign nations :
Attend—I'll tell you where I've been,
And what I've heard, and what I've seen :—

It was a bright autumnal day,
When I for London bent my way :

The towns I pass'd 'twere well to name—
And first to Birmingham I came,
Where I for coach was forc'd to wait
From five o'clock till nearly eight.
The inn from which the coaches run,
I think, is call'd the Albion :
The night was fair as fair could be—
At ten we came to Coventry ;
Where I, among the rest who come,
Must have a *peep* at Peeping Tom.
Then on we pass'd—as you shall see—
Through Dunchurch on to Daventry :
Chang'd horses here—the roads were smooth—
We soon arriv'd at Foster's Booth :
Then Towc'ster, Stratford, after that
Reach'd Dunstable, renown'd for plat :
Thro' Redburn next, and then we came
To far-fam'd antient Verulam ;(2)
Or better by St. Albans known—
A much-lov'd spot—my native town :
Ten miles to Barnet—and again
We reach'd fair London town at ten.

But I have news to tell you yet,
As where I inn'd, and friends I met :
My inn the Windmill (3)—friends were four,
" Friend George" was one—I say no more ;
'Twere better p'rhaps to say the less,
And leave you farther room to guess.

The spacious City soon we range,
And view St. Paul's, the Bank, and 'Change,
With many other things of note,
Most travellers have got by rote.

You next must understand that we
Had *all agreed* to cross the sea :
But first a passport we must gain,
Ere we could reach the banks of Seine :
No foreigner, we're well aware,
Can ever gain a footing there,
Till he has been to shew his face,
And write his name at Portland-place.(4)
Then off we trudg'd—but what a rout—
Said one, " this passport—go without"—
Another said, " but then 'tis plain,
" They'll surely turn you back again."

"If that's the case," the rest reply,
" 'Twere surely better to comply."
And thus we chatted on our way—
"I hope they'll give it us to-day :
"I surely cannot think it right,
"To stay in Town another night :"
"No, no," says one, "ere that shall be,
"Indeed I'd rather pay the fee :"
"Ay," says another, "let us pay,
"My object is to get away :"
"Time flies—I want the business done,
" 'Tis plain we are not getting on."
All pass'd on smoothly, and we soon
Reach'd Portland-place—'twas just at noon—
And soon we learnt, much to our sorrow,
That we must "*call again to-morrow.*"

"Twould seem, indeed, we had forgot
That disappointment is our lot ;
That while we run our mortal race,
A grain of patience is a grace.
But morning comes—the breakfast o'er—
Again the city we explore ;

And first secur'd—as we were sage—
Our places in the Dover stage :
'Twas best, or we had shar'd the fate
Of many who had been too late.
Then from Lad-lane away we hie,
Thro' Bishopsgate to Finsbury :
And next the City-road we choose—
What traveller can e'er refuse
To go this way—or walk, or ride,
You miss the dangers of Cheapside.
We too, 'mongst others, found it best,
And soon we reach'd the pleasant West ;
Renown'd for many a spacious square,
And many a noble statue there.
We tarried here awhile—till one—
Then off to get our business done :
Still bearing on our minds that we
Were told to come from one to three.

The office gain'd—in solemn state
We take our seats—compell'd to wait
Till they (oh, what a needless fuss !)
Found time, in turn, to *wait* on us.

We then, proceeding one by one
To get this *needful business* done,
Approach to Viscount Flavigny⁽⁵⁾
A writer to the embassy ;
(Prince Polignac we'd seen perchance
But he had lately gone to France)
Who there your height proceeds to fix—
From five feet four to five feet six :
Your every feature he describes,
And marks the colour of your eyes ;
And, what few men would e'er suppose,
The right dimensions of your nose ;
Your visage too—or plump or thin—
And real proportion of your chin :
Your age, condition—high or low—
Are quite essential he should know :
Altho' 'tis needful none but he
Should learn “the cherish'd mystery,”
Lest it should blast your hopes in life,
And bar your progress *for a wife !*
The passports gain'd—away went we,
(Were ever folk in so much glee ?)

We all were in such merry mood,
Nor knew the ground on which we stood :
We scarcely could be said to stand,
For we were hasting for the Strand :
Indeed we were so wondrous glad,
We walk'd with all the legs we had.
And next we talk of where to dine,
And *call about* and quaff our wine ;
And thereby strive to drown our sorrow
With—where shall we arrive to-morrow ?

'Twas down in Fleet-street,(6) and not far
From that great gate call'd Temple Bar,
We stopt our spirits to restore—
With good roast beef and something more :
Content that we could now regale
If not with wine, with English ale ;
Resolving to drink nothing more,
Till we had gain'd the Gallic shore.

And next, I must observe to you,
Our starting-time was half-past two :
Then for Lad-lane we hied apace,
As tho' we would have run a race ;

And glad enough were we to find
No danger of being left behind :
'Twas well, on our arrival there,
To know we yet had time to spare :
To choose our places still had leisure ---
Or back, or front, to suit our pleasure.

Then off we drove, with wonted fury,
Intent on reaching Canterbury :
For though for Dover we were bound,
Consulting time, we plainly found
'Twere best to stop and pass the night,
And start again at morning light.
Then straight thro' Gracechurch-street we rode,
And Fish-street-hill and Borough-road :
Then, on to Deptford, and Blackheath,
View'd Greenwich Hospital beneath ;
And Flamstead-house above, sublime,
Where men of science spend their time ;
Or wise astronomer prepares
To number and to name the stars.
Pass Woolwich, Charlton, Shooter's-hill,
And Dartford, with its powder mill :

Then soon the port of Gravesend see,
And far-fam'd fort of Tilbury ;
Where once a warlike British queen⁽⁷⁾
On horseback midst her troops was seen.

Then Stroud and Rochester we gain,
Where Medway strives to meet the main ;
And "wooden walls," in all their pride,
Upon the foaming surges ride.
The antient castle on our right,
And Chatham Dock-yard soon in sight :
The Royal Regent⁽⁸⁾ floating there—
(What vessel can with her compare ?)
Well mann'd, well guarded,—guns she bore
If well informed—well-nigh six score !

The sun was sinking in the west,
And seem'd to bid all nature rest :
At times we travellers sought repose,
And oft at intervals would doze :
To us the night was dark and dreary—
What pilgrims e'er were half so weary ?
But we, like others, wait our turn—
And next we come to Sittingbourn.

The lamps were burning clear and bright,
Which almost chang'd to day the night ;
Our smoking steeds were here releas'd,
And others in their places plac'd :
But while this needful work proceeds,
Each of us for refreshment pleads :
And that we may our spirits cheer,
Each takes a draught of wholesome beer.
The horses to—and *all was right*—
They wish'd us each a pleasant night :
The roads were good, we bowl'd along,
At times the coachman humm'd a song ;
Not merely for his pleasure' sake,
But just to keep us all awake :
Well knowing what the traveller feels,
Regardless of the rattling wheels,
Who often needs a gentle tap,
Lest he should take too firm a nap ;
And sleeping soundly—but too sound—
Unhappily should find the ground !
Some lesser towns I fail to name,
But still must notice Feversham :

What traveller does not admire
Its handsome, light, and lofty spire ?
But we for want of *light*, alas !
This object lose—and on we pass ;
Soon reach old Canterbury's gate—
I think at ten—you'll say 'twas late—
But here again 'twas light as day,
And all the citizens were gay ;
Here bonfires blazing bright, and there
Rockets high piercing through the air ;
With joyous shouts of men and boys,
And crackers to increase the noise :
The cause at first we could not tell—
It was a civic festival.(9)

We now prepar'd to move along,
For *we* must also pass the throng :
Two footmen at our horses' heads,
And each a frightened leader leads :
And soon, as you may well suppose,
We reach'd our wish'd-for inn—the Rose.
O Fortune's fav'rites—happy men—
Although we did not sup till ten :

Ten, did I say? I spoke in haste,
Believe me it was near half-past :
And now, for once, I'll just begin
To tell the comforts of an inn.

The bugle gives its wonted sound,
And next the waiters swarm around :
Demand what passengers arrive,—
The answer was, "prepare for five !"
Now snug and safe from all without,
Within we ring, and *call about* ;
Unmindful of that hideous noise,
Proceeding from the men and boys.

The supper smokes upon the board
With all the mansion can afford :
As chops and cutlets, fish and fowl,
And then at length, to crown the whole,
Of punch a most enormous bowl !

}

The supper o'er—the bill was paid,
And next we call the chambermaid :
Right glad, indeed, to close our eyes—
But first must think of when to rise :

Precisely five, the starting hour,
But we must surely rise at four :
“ You’ll call us up at four,” we said,
“ We will,” replied the chamber-maid,
(Attentive to her own affairs)
And straight conducts us all up stairs.

The morning comes—th’ appointed hour—
The servants call’d us just at four :
They thus complied with our request,
And we were shortly up and drest :
Then on the coach our seats we take,
But we could scarcely keep awake ;
For now the pleasant light we shun
As birds of night avoid the sun ;
And silent sit, and hang our heads,
As tho’ too soon we’d left our beds :
Or we had lain awake too long—
’Twas punch had plainly prov’d too strong.(10)

Then off we start—but moving slow,
Not half the pace of Tally-ho :(11)
But moving slowly still we find
We leave the hallowed fanes behind :

The huge cathedral, there so tall,
Is plainly seen above them all :—
O'er Barham downs we shortly drive
And soon at Half-way house arrive.

Whoever aught of life has seen
Has always found a changing-scene :
At Half-way house we found it true,
For we must change our horses too :
We mount again— and all in place,
Again resume our steady pace :
High hedge-rows next we pass between,
Array'd in robes of richest green ;
With woodbines deck'd—superbly gay—
September in the garb of May.

At eight o'clock, or something more,
We lighted at the Castle door :
Not that by some call'd England's key,⁽¹²⁾
That boldly overlooks the sea ;
But one some fathoms farther down,
A decent inn in Dover town.

The welcome breakfast next ensues,
Of wholesome food—whate'er we choose—

D

As eggs and coffee—tea and toast—
And more of what the house could boast.
With such refreshments now we talk
Of where hereafter we should walk :
But here again we did not fail
To learn what time the packets sail :
To go on board 'twas yet too soon—
The Salamander sail'd at noon.

What man of taste at Dover waits
Who does not wish to view the heights ;
And there awhile his time employ
To watch the samphire-gath'ring boy ?(18)
Those heights we visited—and gaz'd
On all around—but much amaz'd
To see what some ne'er saw before,
And hear the mighty ocean roar !

And now the packet-boats we see,
Two English steamers off at sea ;
Both bound for France—for Calais one—
The other destin'd for Boulogne.
Then all at once (as we'd our choice)
Declare for Calais with one voice.

We reach the harbour—call a boat—
Demand the fare—then all afloat,
Upon the briny billows ride,
And gain at length the vessel's side :
We mount the deck—how pleas'd were we
To know that we were *out at sea* !

As we had lately left the shore,
And some were ne'er aboard before ;
Perhaps you think that we were strange,
And o'er the vessel fear'd to range :
But we were fearless all—and one
To India freely would have gone :
And I (so maritime my gait)
Was taken for the captain's mate :
With lounge gray, and glass in hand,
I view'd each object on the land :
Not that which in the circle moves,
And ev'ry bacehanalian loves ;
The instrument I mention here,
Brings ev'ry distant object near :—
You'll guess my meaning soon I hope,
In truth it was a telescope.

TRIP TO PARIS.

PART II.

ARGUMENT.—Sailing for Calais.—Arrival in Calais Harbour.—The Bourbon Hot-l.—Dinner there.—Letter-writing.—The Cathedral.—The Town-house —Change of passports.—Diligence-office, Rue de la Mer —Starting for Paris.—Ride to Simer—Luncheon there.—Rural Landscape.—Clerical Picture.—Dinner at Montreuil.—Preparation for dozing in the diligence.—Supper at Abbeville —Poix.—Breakfast at Beauvais.—Sight of the Dauphin —Pierre Fitte.—St. Denis.—The Barriers.—Diligence-office, Rue Notre Dame des Victoires.—The London Hotel, Rue de l'Echiquier—Entertainment there.—Solitary walk to the Tuileries.—Preparation for a general ramble.—The Palais Royal.—The Louvre.—Protestant Church, Rue St. Honoré.—Place du Carrousel.—Champs Elysées.—Dinner near the Louvre.—Tea at our Inn.—The breakfast-table —Inmates of the house.—Visit to the Cemetery of Père la Chaise.—The passport-office.—Cathedral of our Lady.—Spectators on the towers.—Wine-house near the Pont aux Doubles.—The Rue St. Martin.—Rugged roads.—Ideal illusion.—Evening in the Rue de l'Echiquier.—Morning walk.—Breakfast in the Palais Royal —Happy thought.—Column in the Place Vendôme.—Luncheon in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs.—The question.—The admonition —The agreement.—The Pantheon, or Church of St. Geneviève —The vanity of life.—The Garden of Plants —The hackney-coach, or hasty return.—The sweets of repose.

Now winds arise to waft us on—

Jr Eurys, or Euroclydon:

But, whether winds were east or west,
We take the track that suits us best :
For we had yet an aiding force,
In pow'r exceeding fifty horse ;
Of which some men would never dream—
And off we sail—propell'd by steam !

Some three short hours we plough the main,
And soon the " Gates of Calais " gain :
But first into the harbour steer
With caution, lest we strike the pier :
Then safely moor'd—we mount the stairs,
Now one by one, and now in pairs,
Straight to the Custom-house we go,
And there our precious passports shew :
For valued articles they were
Which lately cost us so much care !

Then thro' those antient gates we stray'd,
Which Hogarth's pencil has pourtray'd ;
Through Sea-street next—*Rue de la Mer*—
And soon we reach the *place*, or square :
But, ere we wander'd far, 'twas well
To seek some snug and neat hotel :—

And we were told—among the rest—
The *Hotel Bourbon* was the best—
Tho' here it may be understood
That there are others quite as good ;
As I would choose, for my own part,
The Silver Lion, or White Hart.

The *Hotel Bourbon* soon we find,
An inn *exactly to our mind* ;
Though here at first we all were strange,
And o'er the inn we fear'd to range—
But more familiar we become,
And *call about us*—quite at home.

All hands aloft—and all alive—
The order was—*prepare for five*—
Pour cinq—but these were foreign sounds—
And *Garçon* (1) through the inn resounds.
However soon the dinner came,
Of dishes—now I cannot name :
Had we been Charles's loyal men
Not better serv'd—enough for ten.
And next the *carte des vins* was brought—
For drinking too demands a thought ;

The list perus'd—we choose our wine,
The far-fam'd juice of Gallia's vine :
Nor that suffic'd—for even here
We still must have our English beer :
Although so far we dar'd to roam,
Our wand'ring thoughts were oft at home.

And now 'twas well enough to send
To here and there a distant friend ;
To let them know, in short, that we
At length had cross'd the stormy sea :
We call for paper, pens and ink,
And straightway set ourselves to think—
Then write—" all landed safe and sound,
" And seated snug on foreign ground :
" Some smoke their pipes—while others talk
" Of where anon 'twere best to walk ;
" To see some strange and novel sight,
" And view the town by candle-light :"
We pack'd out thoughts in little room
And seal'd them up, and sent them home !
Next day, ere breakfast-hour was come,
We through the town of Calais roam :

And first the antient church admire,
With lengthen'd aisles, and lofty spire ;
Then view its vast inside, and stare
At acts of strange devotion there,—
Parade in things divine—you'll guess—
'T had pleas'd me more had there been less.
Had time allow'd we might have seen
The pillar, pier, and boulevards green ;
The place where Louis landed too,
And mark'd for once a monarch's shoe.(2)

The Town-house next—or if you will
I'll call it the *Hotel de Ville* :
Arraign'd like culprits at the bar,
Amidst a most discordant jar
Of sounds—we wish'd that we were out—
But we must turn and *face about*
Although 'twas not a court of law—
It seem'd they would *our pictures draw* ;
Each striking feature they took down,
As those had done in London town.
Our passports chang'd—we hurry thence,
And march to mount the diligence :

Not *choosing* seats, as we had done—

'Twas “Hobson's choice,” *take this or none.*

Within the *rotonde* snugly seated,
Right glad our business⁽³⁾ was completed,
Again we start—the day was fine—
The diligence set out at nine.

But here I must not fail to tell
We'd scarcely pass'd Dessein's Hotel,
Before a stranger thin and tall
Made one amongst us—six in all :
And tho' we were not *birds of feather*,
A merrier six were ne'er together.
From “Scotland's realm” this gent had come,
To see what can't be seen at home :
Like us—determining on this—
He'd see the “French Metropolis.”

Now o'er Picardy's plains we drive,
And at Haut Buisson soon arrive ;
Change horses here—then bowl along,
Through Marquise village, to Boulogne ;
Some twenty minutes here we stay,
To take refreshment—thence away

E

For Samer—here we ran about,
And try'd to find the baker out ;
Lunch'd on brown bread—here call'd *pain bis*
And sipp'd our liquor—*eau-de-vie*,
Saw lines in latin 'neath a sign,
Inviting us to taste their wine :
Had time permitted, I'm aware,
We should have crack'd a bottle there.

The horses to—we start again,
Thence crossing o'er a wide champaign ;
Where waving crops had lately stood,
A country interspers'd with wood :
The herdsmen here their cattle keep,
And there the shepherds tend their sheep :
While some, in party-colour'd dresses
And hats of straw, were shepherdesses.

As we pass'd up a pleasant hill,
A league before we reach'd Montreuil,
Two priests were walking on their way
From church (for 'twas a sacred day)
With measur'd step, and air polemic,
In march and mien right academic :

Their hats and gowns we ey'd awhile,
So strange a sight provok'd a smile :
Our Scotch companion ey'd *us* too,
And almost in a passion flew :
“ Laugh not, (said he) ye men of sense,
“ Such levity may give offence :
“ Howe'er amus'd—laugh not, (said he,)
“ Let them enjoy their gravity !”

The fam'd Montreuil appears in sight,
And from the diligence we light ;
And now we pass a purling rill,
The drawbridge cross—then mount a hill :
Our vehicle again we meet—
Arriv'd some distance down the street :
At what hotel ? (you say, perchance,)
I'll tell you—the *Hotel de France* :
But whether that describ'd by Sterne
I could not tell—nor can I learn.

We tarried here awhile to dine,
And taste again of Gallia's wine :
A splendid feast of fav'rite dishes,
Exceeding far my highest wishes.

Tho' some may their objections raise,
And rail against the *mode française* ;
Sure poultry could not fail to please,
Or pigeons—tho' without *the peas* :
With puddings, custards, pies and tarts,
And choicest fruit of various sorts—
Nor can I pass “the landlord's daughter,”
The prettiest girl in France I thought her !

We left Montreuil at close of day,
And on for Abbeville bowl'd away :
The noted Nampont reach'd anon,
And next we came to Novion :
As night advanc'd we sought repose,
Put on our caps—prepar'd to doze :
We felt what many a trav'ller feels,
Regardless of the rattling wheels,
Who would his station firmly keep,
And move along—while fast asleep !

The night was pleasant—clear and still—
At twelve o'clock we reach'd Abbeville :
And here we supp'd—no time to lose—
Took wine, or coffee—as we chose :

Of one amongst us 'twas the lot
To overturn the coffee-pot :
I titter'd too—among the rest—
Misfortunes will attend the best !—

We now to Beauvais nearer draw,
And pass the pretty town of Poix ;
A land of fruit-trees—lovely scene—
O'er which Pomona reign'd as queen.

Long-look'd-for Beauvais found at last,
We stopt awhile to *break our fast* :
'Twas here a grand rejoicing day,
The Dauphin was to pass that way :
Flags flying—and so much to see,
With ev'ry mark of loyalty :
So many things I fain would mention—
But breakfast next demands attention.

Now soups, ragouts, and fricassees,
And *bœuf à l'anglaise*—if we please ;
With various kinds of fruit and wine,
We thought that we were going to dine :
Midst such profusion, who could spare ?
We made a hearty breakfast there !

As we to Paris nearer drew
The scene was pleasanter to view :
Here thickly-laden orchards stand,
And vineyards too on ev'ry hand ;
Such grapes in clusters here we spy,
So sweet and tempting to the eye ;
But since they were not in our pow'r,
We, Reynard-like, pronounc'd them sour !

All expectation ! here and there
Were seen *Messieurs les Militaires* :
As all were anxious, it would seem,
To view the Duke of Angouleme.
We halt at Beaumont—change our steeds,
Again the vehicle proceeds—
Scarce had we left this pleasant place,
Ere one, as tho' he rode a race,
A guard, came riding on before,
Behind him there were twenty more :
And next we our attention fix
Upon a distant coach and six—
They nearer drew—and now they cry
“Make room to let the Duke pass by :”

The royal carriage quickly pass'd,
And we had seen a duke at last !!

We next enjoy a prospect sweet,
A league before we reach Pierre Fitte ;
And thence descending by degrees
We gain the village—lost in trees :
Nor can I here forget the view—
The church seen thro' the avenue.

St. Denis next—all bustle here,
Bespeaking busier Paris near :
But here we had no time to stay—
We change our horses, drive away :
Of horses too, among the rest,
I must observe they were the best ;
Things chang'd, as nearer town we drew,
And we had better cattle too :
And here too, as occasion suits,
I'll mention the postilions' boots ;
Such monstrous things, in which they waddle,
Would almost hold a horse and saddle !

But now the barriers we gain,
Those barriers on the banks of Seine :

Great gates again—but ah ! how far
From that great gate call'd Temple-Bar.
The streets we pass'd I shall not name,
But soon we reach'd Rue Notre Dame :
And we began to *rué* the day
When we from London bowl'd away ;
Here such confusion and such chatter—
'Twas *Qu'est ce que c'est ?* for 'What's the matter ?'
They us'd *Comment vous portez-vous ?*
For our old-fashion'd 'How d'ye do ?'
Now from the diligence we light—
Just seven o'clock on Monday night :
“ And are we here ? (said one) how quick—
“ We have not left our homes a week !
“ So lately since with friends we parted—
“ It seems but yesterday we started !”
A trusty porter next we call,
And charge him to conduct us all
To such an inn as erst a friend
Was kind enough to recommend.
We pass the Boulevards, Rue Bergère,
And after that I can't tell where :

But *this* I must not fail to tell,
We shortly found a snug hotel ;
A well-known inn—surnam'd of London(4)
Which had we miss'd we had been undone.

Now tea ensues—those “cups that cheer
“ But not inebriate”—even here :

The servants too were all attention—
And here I cannot fail to mention,
A Black, from St. Domingo's Isle,
Would oft provoke us to a smile ;
Whenever 'twas his turn to wait,
He'd every word anticipate ;
And, what may still excite surprise,
He'd read your wishes in your eyes.

Now night invites us to repose,
And we again *prepare to doze* :
The night before we *birds of feather*,
You know, had roosted all together ;
But still our lodging was too small,
I must confess, to hold us all :
And now, to rest our weary heads,
We travellers had sep'rate beds ;

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Some fifty steps we gladly mounted,
Or more perhaps—had they been counted.

Next morning, at an early hour,
I left my bed to take a tour :
Though not disturb'd by mice or rats,
I heard the more discordant cats ;
Across the tiles they seem'd to rattle,
As though they all were bent on battle :
Like Boileau's hideous cats of yore,—(5)
Amounting, p'rhaps, to half a score.
But to my walk—away I went,
To view the town my main intent ;
Or just to pilfer a first peep
While friends were left behind asleep.
I cross the Boulevards green, and then
Make off for the Rue Vivienne ;
Through Richlieu's spacious street I range,
Then view that noble pile the 'Change ;
The street call'd Vivienne I pass'd,
And found the Tuileries at last :
A noble palace known to fame
Which from a tile-kiln takes its name.

What charms the distant prospect yields—
That lovely spot th' Elysian-fields :
Whoever saw a finer view
Than that through Neuilly's avenue ?
The Arch-triumphal,(6) seen afar,
Resembles most some glitt'ring star!

But to return—the time goes on,
And I must reach my inn anon :
My friends were waiting—well I knew,
And *they* must yet enjoy the view :
My inn I reach'd—my friends I found,
All *up and dress'd*, and safe and sound :
And glad enough was I to learn
That breakfast waited my return :
French rolls and coffee—pleasant sight,
My walk had gain'd an appetite.

Soon as the morning meal was ended,
On me the business all depended
(As it was left for me to say)
How we anon should spend the day.
But I, ere starting, thought it meet
To run to an adjoining street :

And here, perhaps, you'll ask for what ?
I'll tell you—'twas to buy a hat :
My weather-beaten beaver there,
Look'd very much the worse for wear.
The Paris beaus are smartish chaps,
And mostly sport their walking-caps :
As it was my intent, you know,
To pass in Paris for a beau,(7)
Instead of purchasing a hat,
I bought a smarter thing than that ;
A sprucer fellow who should see—
Dress'd out exactly *cap-a-pee*.

Well—off we start, and men so loyal
Must surely see the Palais Royal :
The Palais Royal soon we found,
To me 'twas not untrodden ground ;
Though to my comrades it was strange—
Yet thro' its glitt'ring courts they range :
In my protection they confide—
On me dependant as their guide.

The Louvre next attracts the view,—
A scene of wonders ever new :

Art spreads her choicest treasures there—
What beauties can with those compare ?
A royal carriage there we spy'd
In which King Charles the tenth might ride :
Pictures, and tapestry, and so on—
Ad infinitum I might go on.

Near to the Rue de l' Oratoire,
Where I myself had been before,
A Temple stands—'twas my intent
To see this church call'd protestant :
The preacher, from what I could learn,
Was Mr. Marron, in his turn,
A learned pastor—friend to truth—
Instructor of the rising youth ⁽⁸⁾
The church we enter'd—him we found
Dispensing truths to all around,
And calling special blessings down
On them, and him who wears the crown.
The organ swells, and now they raise
Their voices to the notes of praise.
But there we did not tarry long—
A service in a foreign tongue

Could profit little—thence away
Pursu'd the business of the day.

Then next, as I remember well,
We saw the Place du Carrousel :
Thence, moving on with steady march,
Towards the grand Triumphal arch :
No sooner had we reach'd the gate,
Where watchful sentries hourly wait,
Than we were told—a sad affair—
We could not gain admission there :
“ Not enter here—(said I) how's that ?”
“ Sir, (said the sentry) wear your hat :
“ Or, what I have not told you yet,
“ You cannot enter *en casquette*.”(9)

Thence right about, but slowly, we
Pass'd on by the Rue Rivoli ;
A little round, tis true, but we
Ne'er heeded that, since we were free
To breathe the fragrance of the breeze,
And range among the orange-trees ;
Nor found a sentry there, to say
“ *Messieurs*, you cannot go this way.”

Now over th' Elysian-fields we rove,
To taste the pleasures of the grove ;
And, as we halt beneath the shade,
Partake of cups of lemonade ;
Sold by a female—(not uncommon)
A decent-looking Flemish woman.

The day's excursion nearly over,
We got a dinner near the Louvre ;
And glad again were we to find
A house *exactly to our mind* :
Soups, fricassees, and freshest fish,
The choicest viands we could wish ;
Our palates they knew how to suit
With a dessert of fairest fruit :
French wines we tasted—always handy—
Their wine was good, and good their brandy !

But night came on apace, and we
Must reach Exchequer-street to tea :
So gently moving pass'd again
The well-known street call'd Vivienne :
The Boulevard Poissonnière we pass'd,
And found our *snug hotel* at last !

Scarce had the morn unseal'd our eyes
Ere we again prepar'd to rise :
And gain'd as soon as we were able,
A station near the breakfast-table.

Now there were others who had come
To see what *can't be seen at home* ;
For there were English, Irish too,
And Flemish—and I can't tell who :
'Twould seem indeed that they were sent
To form a little parliament :
Or rather, as they came from far,
That each was an ambassador ;—
Engag'd in close confabulation,
On things pertaining to the nation.

But soon we turn'd to other talk,
Of where anon 'twere best to walk :
And they, like others, spoke in praise
Of that great grave-yard—Père la Chaise :
Now Père la Chaise lies out of town
Two miles or more—and I must own
We did not like the distance to 't,
Nor could we take it all on foot.

But there were coaches near at hand,
That only waited our command,
In which we all might ride at ease,
And get transported where we please.
A coach we call'd—with much ado—
Instead of one they brought us two :
Close pack'd in *one*, we *birds of feather*
Agreed to nestle all together.

Then quickly Père la Chaise we found,
And softly trod its hallow'd ground ;
Awhile amidst its bow'rs we stray'd—
That ever-weeping cypress shade :
Mark'd many a white sepulchral stone,
With epitaphs much like our own ;
But “ rhymes uncouth ” we saw not any—
Though doubtless, here too, there were many.

The passport-office next we seek—
We'd been in Paris near a week
Without our passports—strange to tell—
We did not think they us'd us well :
For well we knew, where'er we jaunted,
These *precious passports* would be wanted.

The office gain'd, we waited long,
But found at length we all were wrong ;
As, all at once, to us 'twas plain,
To *us* it did not appertain
To get our passports—'twas the care
Of one call'd our *Commissionnaire* :
So up we got, and off we came,
Then posted on for Notre Dame :
Awhile we view'd its vast inside,
Where many wonders we descried :
As " storied windows richly dight,
" Casting a dim religious light :"
And witness'd as we pass'd along,
That *box of whistles*, fam'd in song,
That organ that is wont to blow
To aid " the full-voic'd quire below."
To climb the tow'rs we next aspire,
(Our wishes still ascending higher,)
For there (if what they said were true)
We should enjoy a charming view.
Then gently mounting, round and round,
We soon on the outside were found :

And here I must not fail to tell,
We saw that monstrous buzzing bell,(9)
Whose frequent deep and solemn sound
Is heard for many miles around ;
An empty frame too serves to shew,
In ages past, there had been two :
But one was sold, or turn'd to money,
In days of yore, or days of Boney.

Now there were many others too,
Who also came to take a view ;
And one (I thought him so at least)
In looks and language was a priest :
Or one who mov'd among his betters—
A man of learning and of letters.

A little wine-house next we gain,
Close seated on the banks of Seine,
Where up one pair of stairs we clamber
Into a snug and pleasant chamber ;
There altogether, closely pent,
We soon shewed cheeks erubescant :
Their wine was good their brandy strong—
(We might have stay'd *a bit too long*)

But far from imitating such
As often take a drop too much,
We merely swallow'd down a cup
To keep our drooping spirits up :
We tarried here till time for starting—
Then posted up the Rue St. Martin.

Not like St. Martin's in the Strand,
Or that near Newgate—call'd le-Grand ;
No polish'd pavement, here we meet,
To bear us safely through the street :
But o'er the rugged stones we waddled—
Or more like ducks through mud we paddled !

Dick Whittington had oft been told
That London streets were pav'd with gold :
And thought the story true, no doubt,
Till he had been to find it out :
So we like him, at times, forsooth,
Found Paris streets not quite so smooth
As we could wish—our own affairs
Gave rise, in fact, to frequent jars—
A want of order and so on,
Which, I perhaps, may name anon :

For tho' we wisely form'd our schemes,
And dreamt at times such pleasant dreams,
These joys alas! were but ideal—
Oh, had we wak'd and found them real!

We reach'd Exchequer-street at three,
And there we din'd and took our tea;
Talk'd o'er the dangers of the way
And plann'd for the ensuing day:
Enjoy'd a whiff by candle-light—
Then took our farewell for the night.

Next morning, rising with the sun,
With pleasure I my course begun;
While my companions—*birds of feather*,
Were all *upon the sticks* together:
They little dreamt that I was gone
To take a morning walk alone:
Then strolling forth thro' many a street,
I ask of many a one I meet
The nearest way—a prudent measure—
To which they all reply'd with pleasure.

Now I had made too long a tour,
And stay'd beyond the breakfast-hour;

So in the Palais thought it best
To sit me down awhile and rest :
Not bent on gaming—doubtful work—
The surest game was *knife and fork* :
What coffee-house ? (perhaps the query)
You'll guess, of course, 'twas kept by Very !
Now breakfast waited—but in vain—
Friends wish'd to see me back again :
They little thought that I should stay
To take a breakfast by the way :
And, as they chatted o'er their tea,
Took care to save a cup for me :
The thought was good, you'll own, however,
Though late—'twere better late than never !
I reach'd Exchequer-street at ten—
And soon prepar'd to start again ;
As we had *all agreed* to roam
That morning to the Place Vendôme.
Now friends were waiting in the street,
All glad enough their guide to meet ;
For be it known—they would not stir
Without me—their interpreter.

We march'd across the Boulevards, then
Made off for the Rue Vivienne ;
And soon we found the Tuileries—
Reclin'd awhile beneath the trees,
And then we mov'd, with one consent,
To view that famous monument
Adorn'd with records, read in story,
Of Russia's loss and Gallia's glory!(10)

We'd seen full many a novel sight,
And walking gain'd an appetite :
The Rue des Petits Champs was near,
So, *all agreed*, we rested here :
Cook-shops in Paris there are many,
And here, perhaps, as good as any.
So here we all resolved to stay—(11)
And take a luncheon by the way ;
Partook of ev'ry pleasant dish,
Cook'd up exactly to our wish :
Sweetmeats of various kinds and shapes,
And here, withal, they gave us grapes ;
They brought us the delicious peach—
We all took care to taste of each !

The luncheon o'er, we talk'd of moving,
As still we all were bent on roving ;
But we were anxious next to know
What place to see—what road to go—
The question was—"where shall it be ?"
The answer then was left to me :
"I'll tell you where we'll go"—said I—
(As all was left to my reply)
"We cannot do a better thing
"Than see the garden of the King :"—
This royal garden of renown,
Like *Père la Chaise*, lies out of town ;
I own we did not like the walk,
But still a little pleasant talk
And curious sights in ev'ry quarter,
Must seem to cut the journey shorter.
But, ere I further on proceed,
I'll tell you we were *not agreed* ;
Some would go this way, and some that,
And wanted—I could scarce tell what.
So halting in a little square,
(E'en now I almost think I'm there)

I spoke as follows—" Pray attend
"To me—your faithful guide and friend :
"I wish to shew you all I can—
"Then be obedient to my plan :
"For if you don't attend to me,
"You, (like a vessel out at sea
"Without a pilot—tempest-toast,)
"Sooner or later must be lost !"

My speech was heard—we *birds of feather*
Agreed again to go together :
Like birds of passage—thought it better
To move obedient to a letter :⁽¹²⁾
And I, as pilot, lead the way—
We mov'd along to letter A :
And better too, I must confess,
Than double U, or single S ;
Although, I own, they have their graces—
They're useful in their proper places :
In *wisdom* one is ever found,
The other has a *sapient* sound :
But still submissive they must fall,
And letter A must rule in *all* !

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We next to the Pantheon come,
An edifice like that at Rome :
Such massy pillars, and such walls—
A dome not much unlike St. Paul's :
Such elegance in all its features—
It much resembles great St. Peter's !⁽¹³⁾

Then marching up the steps, we go
Beneath a lofty portico :
With reverence we pass the door,
And tread a spacious marble floor ;
Awhile we gaze upon the roof—
The splendid dome gives ample proof,
In carved wood and sculptur'd stone,
This edifice will yield to none.
Thus much we saw—but ere we go
Agree to see the scenes below :
And next we view the catacombs—
We meditate among the tombs
Of mortals of illustrious name,
Once known “ to fortune and to fame :”
Here graves of senators they shew,
Of warriors and of poets too ;

Who o'er life's theatre have pass'd,
And "found their home, the grave," at last!

Life, 'tis a vapour—all beneath
Must terminate at length in death:
The sun in all his glory shines,
He rises daily and declines;
The fleeting shadows tend to shew
The vanity of all below!

With one consent we move again
And shortly pass the Rue de Seine:
We doubtless went a little round,
But soon the Royal-garden found:
A lovely scene! a fragrant feast!
Not sweeter "Araby the blest!"
We halt beneath its cooling bow'rs,
And feed on air perfum'd with flow'rs;
As Milton's seamen strike the sail
To taste of the delicious gale!

This place was fam'd (as we had heard)
For many a curious beast and bird:—
We saw the lion and jackal,
The tiger too from Senegal;

The wolf, hyena, and the boar,
The buffalo—and many more
That I must pass—but still I can't
Omit that beast the elephant :—
For who can all his pranks forget ?
(I almost think I see him yet :)
Obedient to his keeper's call
He'd come, and on his knees he'd fall ;
And, having deign'd to stoop so low,
Would rise again, and humbly bow ;
He drew his water, fetch'd his food—
Walk'd round—then plung'd into the flood,
A pool, expressly made for him,
In which he'd bathe himself and swim :
Now he descends—now disappears—
Now shews his legs, and now his ears ;
Awhile his wisdom he displays,
And like leviathan he plays ;
But sinking, like a pond'rous stone,
You'd almost think the monster gone ;
Did not the troubled water shew
That something mighty mov'd below !

Some other seats I here might mention—
But next the bears demand attention.

Now near at hand a den appears
The lonely residence of bears :
With creatures of so rough a sort
No other animals resort :
But still such rugged beasts as they
Are seldom short of company.
Each truant boy his station takes
And tempts them oft with bread and cakes ; (14)
And many a man forgets his cares,—
Attentive to the playful bears—
Which on their trees, or forked sticks,
Amus'd us with a thousand tricks !

A long-neck'd lady—noted dame—
One *Madame Giraffe*—I must name ;
A truly rare *exotic* she,—
A tenant of the Orangery :
From Egypt's Pacha she was sent,
For Charles the Tenth—a present meant :
Not *pig-fac'd*—no, not half so queer,
In features far more like a deer :

Her food was hay—she fed of course
From rack and manger—like a horse :
Long legs she had—and stood so high,
As though she wish'd to “brush the sky.”
The public might the stranger see,
Between the hours of *ten and three* ;
But it was past the hour of four—
Or we had gone within the door :
But I, more prying than the rest,
More curious was by all confess'd ;
So *window-peeping*, as I pass'd,
I saw her ladyship at last.
All through the town (so noted she)
Her pretty picture you might see :—
In ev'ry shop,—on ev'ry stall,—
The camelopard seen by all :
And here too we might *all* have seen her—
Her ladyship was just at dinner !

Now, next in order, I'll describe
The beauties of the feathered tribe—
A little farther on we move
And view the eagle—bird of Jove—

Whose strong and penetrating sight,
Undazzled, gazes on the light.
His neighbour—a nocturnal fowl—
Sits blinking there—a horned owl—
And says (or rather seems to say)
He loves the darkness more than day.
The vultures, carrion-craving birds,
Inimical to flocks and herds,
So quick of scent—so bent on prey—
Where'er the carcase is are they.
The buzzard there appears in sight
And no uncommon bird—the kite.
The painted parrot next we see
With his accustom'd mimicry :
And there his gay companion view,
The yellow-crested cockatoo.
The peacock all his pride assumes,
And there displays his glitt'ring plumes ;
The humble pheasant, by his side,
Would fain his golden plumage hide :
The guinea fowls, with wonted clack,
In spotted coats :—cried out "*come back.*"

But we ran off like renegadoes,—
Regardless of the poor pintadoes !

The day declin'd—approaching night
Gave ample cause for hasty flight :
We all were strangers to the road,
Where doubtless “ ruffians were abroad ;”
And had we haply miss'd our way,
They might have seiz'd us as their prey.
Soon as we gain'd the garden-gate
Where hackney coaches hourly wait ;
A decent vehicle we spy'd,
In which we *all agreed* to ride :
Then, *closely pack'd*, we bowl'd away
For our fam'd street—*l' Echiquier* :
Pass'd o'er the Noveau Pont-de-fer,
And shortly after we were there.

The coach stopp'd short—wide flew the gates—
And soon the rattling of the plates
Produc'd in us the pleasant thought
Of dinner—or the *table d' hôte* :
Such culinary music prov'd
The very music that we lov'd ;

The harp or viol, had we found,
Would not have prov'd a sweeter sound ;
Nor organ, with its solemn swell,
Had pleas'd that moment half so well.
The dinner serv'd—again we dine
And *call about*, and quaff our wine :
We tell of where we'd lately been,
And what we'd heard, and what we'd seen ;
We talk moreover of departing—
The morrow was the day for starting !
Each weary trav'ller surely knows
The boasted blessing of repose :
So we, at once, conclude it best
To seek again a place of rest ;
Well pleas'd we mount the upper stories—
Intent upon our dormitories !

TRIP TO PARIS.

PART III.

ARGUMENT.—*The departing-day.—The disappointment.—A word of advice.—Departure for Rouen.—Travelling by night.—Day-break.—Description of the road.—Distant view of Rouen.—Conductor's tale:—Descent of the diligence.—Breakfast in the Rue du Bec.—Peep at the Cathedral.—Bridge of Boats.—Palais de Justice.—Starting for Dieppe.—Merciful travellers.—Beggars.—Way-side accommodation.—Pleasant company, or inside-chat.—Market-folks.—View of the ocean, and town of Dieppe.—The reminiscence.—Entrance to Dieppe.—Show of passports.—Arrival at Petit's Hotel, on the Quay.—Choice of beds.—French decorations.—The table d'hôte, or ordinary.—English seclusion, or more smoke than fire.—Morning walk.—View of the Channel from the heights.—Return to the town, and harbour.—High-mass at St. Jacques.—Dinner at our inn.—Solitary walk to the Protestant chapel, and the Catholic church of St. Remy.—Ramble to Neuville.—View from the heights of Pollet.—Sun-set.—Church and church-yard.—Hasty return to Dieppe.—Evening there.—Morning walk to Neuville.—Going a-board the Eclipse.*

THE morning breaks upon our eyes,
And we again *prepare to rise* :
All hands aloft—the inn resounds
With unintelligible sounds :

All plainly said, or seem'd to say,
That this was our departing-day.

But next it was our needful care
To look up our *Commissionnaire* :
Then bowling off, anon we came
To that fam'd street—Rue Notre Dame ;
The very place where we got down
The ev'ning we came into town :
Now we were anxious all to know
If we by diligence could go ;
As hoping, somehow, they'd contrive
That very day to book *for five* :
But oh, what wry and rueful faces,
When told we could not take our places !!

Sad *disappointment* !—what do next ?
Were ever travellers so vex'd ?
Said one “ we're in a pretty plight,
“ But rather than I'll go by night
“ I'll take it *all on foot* by day,
“ And risk the *dangers of the way* !”

Another said “ we will at most
“ Engage a chaise, and travel post :

"I deem it far the surest way,—
"For though a little more we pay
"For posting, eatables, and so on,
"We doubtless shall get safe to Rouen!"

Now others, wiser than the rest,
Advis'd to wait—and thought it best—
As they had promis'd to contrive
By ev'ning coach to book *for five*:
For taking an imprudent measure
Might leave us to repent at leisure!

Thence, bowling off, thro' thick and thin
Again alighted at our inn:
Dined, drank our wine—did all in haste,
Well knowing we'd no time to waste:
The bill we call'd, paid off our score,
And left Exchequer-street at four:
And *four* (whom here I need not name)
Mov'd quickly for Rue Notre Dame;
But I had business on the way,
So through the Palais Royal stray;
And, after a delightful march,
We met at the Triumphal Arch:

I took my station—snugly seated—
Thus far the business was completed !

The night was fair, and free from noise,
At ten o'clock we pass'd Pontoise ;
No tarrying here—we bowl'd away
And Gisors gain'd ere break of day :
But soon a lovely sight appears—
Such rows of apples and of pears ;
So lavish had Pomona been—
For miles we fruit-trees pass'd between :
And reck'ning what we'd seen before,
Made up a hundred miles—or more :
'Tis true—tho' in the British nation
'T may seem, to some, exaggeration !

The horses chang'd—away we drive—
But, ere at Rouen we arrive,
Engage awhile in friendly chat—
Now talk of this, and now of that ;
And, as the morning lighter grew,
The scene was pleasanter to view :
Some way-side dwelling would amuse,
With close-cropt box, or formal yews ;

The cottage walls with peaches shine,
And grapes—from which they make their wine :
With many “a longing look” we past ‘em—
Although we had no time to taste ‘em.

At six the sun was shining bright,
And antient Rouen all in sight :
Now tow’rs and spires arrest the eye,
And there we Notre Dame espy ;
So lofty, and so light withal ;—
It seem’d to overtop them all.
On this old pile we fix’d our eyes—
But what excited our surprise,
The church had been decapitated—
This story then the guard related :—

“ Once on a time, ere break of day,
“ When we, as now, were on our way,
“ The thunder roll’d with awful sound,
“ And vivid lightnings play’d around ;
“ Soon on that spire the fluid fell—
“ I saw it—and I know it well—
“ No larger did the flame appear,
“ Than this old hat—which *now* I wear :

" It wider spread—a brighter flame
" Illum'd the tow'rs of Notre Dame,
" And this the cry of all the people—
" A conflagration in the steeple ! ! "

The tale was scarcely at an end,
Ere we a frightful hill descend ;
But on we go—in dreadful haste—
French coaches travel down-hill fast.

At length we reach this famous town—
For Rouen has obtained renown :
Drive through the Boulevards green and then
We pass the Abbey-church—St. Ouen :—
And soon—as I remember well—
We found again a *snug hotel*.
Like pigeons, there awhile we peck,
At breakfast in the Rue du Bec :
Tea, coffee, eggs—whate'er we choose—
Whoever could such fare refuse ?
We *call'd about*—no time to spare—
We made a hearty breakfast there !

This over—we begin to talk
Of where again 'twere best to walk ;

'Mong other places then I name
That antient pile call'd Notre Dame :
The church we enter'd—pac'd about—
Look'd round—no sooner in than out—
For other things engag'd our thoughts—
And next we saw the Bridge of Boats.
We boldly ventur'd from the shore
Upon the bridge—just half-way o'er,
Time fail'd—or we had cross'd the river,
And seen the suburb of St. Sever.

The Hall of Justice next we spy'd—
That antient hall—the city's pride :
Of buildings this is thought the chief,
Hard by the street—call'd Rue aux Juifs:
And here we entered—but we found
Our time grew short—so just look'd round :
The roof, with others, I must own
Is like a hulk turn'd up-side-down :
The spacious paved floor below
Is stone—and this is all I know :
The room we saw is what I call
In English plain—Attorneys' Hall ;—

Or what (in Gallic nomenclature)
Is called *La Salle des Procureurs*.

The clock strikes nine—we now advance,
And leave this “Manchester of France ;”(1)
All anxious next to have a peep
At that long-heard-of sea-port—Dieppe :
Thro’ Grand’rue pass—and on our way
Approach the river—cross the quay :
A floating forest next appears,
Which Seine upon its bosom bears :
Vessels from many a distant port,
With merchandize of many a sort :
From Spain, from Portugal, they come—
From England too—our isle—our home ;
And distant India from her shores
Sends here the choicest of her stores.

But on we pass—and soon we view
A long and lofty avenue :
Tall branching elms adorn the way,
Which almost turn to night the day :
So close their twining branches keep,
The radiant sun can scarcely peep :

K

And next we mount Malauny's hill,—
Enjoying pleasant prospects still :
On every hand the trav'ler spies
Mansions and manufactories ;
Suburban hamlets, purling rills,
Cloth, paper, corn and powder-mills :
Woods hanging on the mountain's brow,
While fertile meadows smile below :
Streams swiftly pressing for the Seine,
Which lastly mixes with the main.

Each man of feeling would at least
Shew mercy, and regard his beast :
So we (as now occasion needs)
Alight awhile to ease our steeds :
'Twas needful—as the hill was long
And somewhat tedious—*like my song*.
Thro' beauteous beech-woods next we stray—
A devious but delightful way :
The summit of the hill we gain,
Where soon a sad and suppliant train
Surround us—anxious to receive
Whate'er our charity might give ;

And surely no one could refuse,
To scatter here a few spare *sous* :
Thus we reliev'd, as we were able,
These sons of want—*les misérables*.

But now a little house of call,
With open door, invites us all :
No lines in latin here we see,
'Tis "*On vend ici l'eau-de-vie* :"
By all this line was understood,
They brandy sold—and doubtless *good*.
So we, with others, deem'd it best
To taste it—as we stopt to rest ;
A large oak table here we found
With bottles and with glasses crown'd ;
The host as busy as a bee,
The hostess quite as brisk as he :
Both thank'd us kindly for our money—
While we imbib'd their wine—or *honey* !

How pleasant 'tis, at times, to ride
With folks intelligent—inside :
The subject, be it what it may,
Relieves the tædium of the way :

We give and take—and thus we all
In turn were right reciprocal :
The varied landscape we admire,
And mark some distant village spire :
We next observe a flying crow—
Pray what in French ?—*C'est un corbeau* :
A horse comes by, and then we all
Consent to call it—*un cheval* :
A field of turnips next we see—
Boil'd beef and turnips all agree
Are wholesome food—bedew'd with gravy—
But what are these ? *Ce sont des navets*.

At Dieppe it was a market day—
The country-folks were on their way :
On horseback one to market goes,
Another walks in wooden shoes :
Strange things indeed to us—the latter—
So odd their shape—so loud their clatter !⁽²⁾

But now the ocean's in our view—
And Dieppe, the very port I knew :
For I had landed on that shore
With a firm friend⁽³⁾ long time before :

I never can the day forget—
I think I see the pilot yet :
His hair seem'd horrified as he
Tugg'd hard to tow us in from sea :
I almost think I hear him rave,
While striving 'gainst the stubborn wave :—
But here I halt to make confession
I've err'd—pray pardon the digression !

The *Octroi* pass'd—we gain the gates—
And here we all must change our seats :
Or those outside must now get down—
Not daring to ride thro' the town :⁽⁴⁾
So since we could no longer ride
Without, we huddled all inside :
And now, before we farther go,
Our *precious passports* we must show :
For here (as heretofore 'twas granted)
These *valued articles* were wanted !

“ All right ”— as guards in England say—
Thence on for Petits near the Quay :
A noted house, a neat hotel,—
Whoe'er knows Dieppe must know it well :

Wagner
Hansen
Theriot
Andersen
Weiss
Dyck
Gunn
Lambert
Baldwin
Jensen
Brown
Klein
Deane
Belmont
Anderson
Stacy
Smith
Baron
Halliday
Fellows
Witherby

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it well :

And I must just observe that we
Alighted here at half-past three.

Now, press'd with hunger, we incline
To know what time we all could dine :—
A needful question—you'll allow—
But next the all-important *how* ?—
As some preferr'd the English fashion
And some the custom of the nation.

But we, ere dinner, thought it right
To choose our lodgings for the night :
Good meals were needful, well we knew,
Good beds were right essential too :
So, *all agreed*, we march up stairs—
To choose a chamber each prepares :—
Long passages, and lofty doors,
Fine flaming walls—but cold brick floors :
Beds somewhat foreign in their form,
But that says nothing—if they're warm :
We'd china basins—china jugs—
Withal we'd pretty *china mugs* :
Bright mirrors too—a brilliant show—
In which we view'd from top to toe :

But the last wonder all surpasses—
Stone tables smooth as looking-glasses !

Now welcome sounds salute the ear—
The plates proclaim the dinner near ;
Each man had wash'd and chang'd his coat,
And wish'd to see the *table d'hôte* :
Our host so dext'rous in his art,
Politely took the carver's part :
The watchful waiters, near at hand,
Were also ready at command
To serve us—or with fowl or fish,
Or any viand we might wish :
Our number 'mounted to a score—
But add just half as many more,
And it will plainly then appear
How many we together were.
All were so flippant and so free,
You'd thought us of one family ;
Tho' it might seem too great a charge,
Few families are quite so large !
The *Salle à manger* suited some,
But others chose a private room ;

So then at once, we all agree
To rise and leave the company :
Thence to a private room retire—
Displaying “ more of smoke than fire”—
The Indian weed we puff away,
And pleasantly conclude the day !

Next day at ten—the breakfast o'er—
The town and castle we explore : (5)
And from the heights securely see
The raging of the troubled sea :
But soon in haste we all come down
And now again explore the town :
Towards the beach we bend our way,
And there the ocean we survey ;
Whose waves beat high, in sullen roar,
And dash along the pebbly shore !

A movement retrograde we take,
And next we view the church—*St. Jacques* :
Or, (if preferring English names)
’Twere best perhaps to say *St. James*.
The organ blew—the crowd was great,
We strangers could not find a seat

But paced about the middle aisle,
 And there we stood and star'd awhile :
 'Twas all so very strange to us—
 At length a man addressed us thus :—
 " You cannot stand, Sirs, during prayers,
 " But absolutely must take chairs." (6)
 The chairs were handed—chairs we took—
 Each looking o'er his neighbour's book,
 We heard the people chant in latin
 Their wonted morning prayers—*les matines*.

From church to our hotel we go,
 And dine in English style at two :
 Friends seem'd at ease, and thought it best
 To stay within awhile and rest :
 But I, still anxious to be moving,
 As heretofore, was bent on roving.

I start alone—and on my way
 Survey the *Eglise Réformée* ;
 With walls of bricks and roof of slates,
 A decent building near the gates.
St. Remy next I see—or thus
 Some call it—*St. Remigius* :

L

An antient edifice of stone—
To travellers but little known,
Unless, like me, they choose to stray
A little from the public way.

But next to Neuville I repair—
Who would not choose a dwelling there?—
Near Pollet's heights the village stands,
And there a charming view commands :
From this proud eminence I see
The town, the castle, and the sea.—

'Twas five o'clock—and now the sun
His daily race had nearly run :
The villagers were on their way
From church—for 'twas a sacred day :
But I towards the village went,—
To view the church my main intent :
The church I enter'd—gaz'd around,
Where all was tranquil—scarce a sound—
Save where the church-clock, moving slow,
Told how the fleeting moments go :
A needful monitor to say
How fast my minutes roll away.

I thought—"time soon will end with me,
"I'm pressing tow'rds eternity :
"And all who now in bodies dwell
"Must bid to earth a long farewell :—
"But though we soon must close our eyes
"On all we lov'd below the skies,
"We die to live"—"we hope to meet
"Again—to hold communion sweet,
"And dwell for ever on that shore
"Where friends shall meet to part no more !"

I see the cemetery next—
And there full many a holy text
"Spelt by th' unletter'd muse (I spy)
"That teach the moralist to die !"

At Neuville I had had a peep,
Then quickly hasted back to Dieppe ;
Lest my good friends should think me gone
Half way to Calais, or Boulogne ;
For well they knew so great a rover
Might soon have gone half way to Dover !

But night came on—and soon I found
The friendly circle—safe and sound :

The supper next ensued—and then
We all retir'd to rest—at ten :
Our heavy eyelids gladly clos'd,
And on French beds once more we doz'd.

The ruddy morning soon appears—
A morning full of hopes and fears—
All hoped to sail that day, but we
Much dreaded the tempestuous sea.
The breakfast o'er—again we move
To view that lovely scene I love :
Sweet Neuville's heights I mount again,
And there survey the angry main :
But surely shudder'd at the thought
That we must on that ocean float—
Awhile we gaz'd—and then came down
With hasty steps towards the town :
And there, of course, we did not fail
To learn what time th' Eclipse would sail :—
We found we were not much too soon,
The packet was to sail at noon.
Now all was settled—all were paid—
Boots, waiting-man, and chamber-maid :

So now for starting we prepare,
And to the harbour next repair :
The vessel mount—the deck we tread—
Eviacing nought of *fear* or dread :
All glad enough—and looking round,
We there our Scotch companion found—
He too, like us, was homeward bound ! }

TRIP TO PARIS.

PART IV.

ARGUMENT.—*Starting.*—*Dinner on deck*—*Beechy-Head visible.*—*A ground-swell.*—*Lightning.*—*Landing on the Pier at Brighton.*—*White Horse Inn.*—*Morning walk to the Custom-house.*—*The Pavilion.*—*Steyne.*—*Pier.*—*Leaving for London.*—*Crawley great Tree.*—*Horsham spire seen at a distance.*—*View of Leith-hill tower, and Anstie Bury.*—*Croydon.*—*Arrival at the Elephant and Castle, Newington.*—*Ride in a hackney-coach to the Windmill Inn, St. John-street.*—*Literary lounge in Cheapside*—*Starting and parting.*—*My ride to Oxford*—*Vacation there.*—*Short stay in that city*—*Witney, its fame for blankets.*—*Changing horses.*—*The race-course.*—*Minster-Lovel.*—*Forest of Whichwood*—*A traditional tale.*—*Bird-in-hand Inn.*—*Northleach*—*Leaving the coach.*—*Panegyric on the country.*—*Description of a cottage at Keynton, near Temple-Guiting.*—*Fraternal visit there.*—*Starting for Bourton on the Hill.*—*Arrival there.*—*Ride to Worcester.*—*Friendly visit there.*—*Kidderminster.*—*View of Hagley Park.*—*Smoke of Tipton seen at a distance.*—*Friends there.*—*Arrival at Dudley.*—*Leaving the coach for Tipton.*—*Blast-furnaces.*—*Coke-hearths.*—*Steam-engines.*—*Bloomfield, my residence.*—*Conclusion.*

THE sun in mid-day splendour shone,
As we were waiting to be gone :
Now sounds on deck the starting-bell,
That bids us bid to France farewell :

We're sailing slow—but still we move
Still nearer to the land we love :
In brisker mood we now advance,
And now we bid farewell to France.
Thus on we sail—and safely ride,
Regardless of the ruffled tide ;
Supported by His powerful hand,
Who made the sea, and form'd the land.(1)

The table-cloth was laid at two,
For those who din'd—there were but few :
A cold collation decks the board,
With all the vessel can afford :—
And now the captain takes his seat
And some few others who could eat,
For be it known it was the lot
Of some to know that they *could not*—
While others heartily regale
On fine French mutton and fresh ale.(2)

Impell'd by steam's all-conqu'ring pow'r,
Some run at eighteen knots per hour :
We travell'd at a slower rate,
And sail'd at somewhat nearer *eight* ;

But, long before th' approach of night,
We all were cheer'd with "land in sight!"
Unknown to us—tho' as they said
(Right knowing folks) 'twas Beechey Head.

Night spread her sable mantle o'er,
Long time before we reach'd the shore :
The angry ocean rougher grew,
As nearer we to Britain drew ;
And lightnings shone in forked forms,
Precursors sure of coming storms :
But still protected on our way,
By Him whom winds and waves obey ;
We sail'd in safety o'er the sea,
Which foam'd in furious majesty ;
The packet soon, her charge to lighten,
Safe lands us on the pier at Brighton.

We gladly leave the boist'rous main,
On *terra firma* once again :
And now we all direct our course
Towards our inn—the fam'd White Horse :
There take refreshment—as was best,
And after that retire to rest.

At seven next morning all arose
And breakfasted, (as you'll suppose,)
Then next, to breathe salubrious air,
We to the Custom-house repair ;
Found that our luggage was all right,
Which we had left there for the night.
This done we next explore the town—
That Royal Palace of renown
Attracts us first—which when we'd seen
Proceed to promenade the Steyne :
Nor could we bound our prospect here,
For we must surely see the Pier !
Thence hasting back—(tho' not too soon—
The London coaches start at noon)—
To the White Horse we all repair,
And quickly settle business there :
Then having manag'd matters nicely,
We start—at twelve o'clock precisely.

Bowling away—we leave the downs,
And passing thro' some little towns,
Which I at present fail to name,
Because they're little known to fame :

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But Crawley next appears in view,
A little town unknown to few ;
For few indeed, it seems to me,
Can pass unnoticed that Great Tree
Which stands upon the public road,
Containing " timber many a load ;"
Whose lock-up-door and lonely station
Remind me of incarceration !—

Some other objects we admire,—
As Horsham's distant shingled spire,
Leaning as tho' 'twould tumble down,
And crush the people in the town ;
But none, I'm told, express their fears,
Wiseacres say 'twill stand for years ;
And many strong and upright people
Will surely fall before the steeple !

Now Leith-Hill tow'r appears in sight,
And Anstie Bury's fir-crown'd height ;(3)
So plain—so pleasant they appear,
One almost seems transported there :
But on we move—and soon we find
We leave these pleasant scenes behind :

Thro' Croydon next—and after this
Soon gain the great Metropolis.

Whoe'er knows aught of London's bustle
Must know the Elephant and Castle :
An inn suburban of renown,
Some twenty minutes' walk from town ;
So some folks say—but, if you will,
Near two miles, measured from Cornhill :
And here we *all agree* to light—
'Twas best—for if they told us right,
A longer ride had prov'd a loss—
The coach ran in at Charing-Cross.

Now deaf'ning cries assail the ear,
And coaches rattling here and there ;
Some bound for Deptford—Greenwich some,
While others ply much nearer home :
And now at once we all decide
Within a hackney coach to ride :
So fair the night—the roads so even—
We reach'd the Wind-mill just at seven.

All safe arriv'd—and shortly we
Again prepare to take our tea :

Awhile engage in friendly chat
About our journey—after that
Two old companions deem'd it meet
To pace Cheapside, and Lombard-street ;
Exploring many a little nook,
In quest of some old-fashion'd book ;
And then at Tegg's (unknown to few)
We halt in search of something new ;
And lounge o'er literary ware—
To us indeed delicious fare :
Awhile on mental food we feasted,
And lastly at the Windmill rested.

Now men while sojourning below
Have oft a diff'rent road to go ;
And providence assigns the lot
To each, a separate part or spot.

The morning comes—we wander forth
My friends are bound towards the north ;
But I (to find the Bull and Mouth)
Must take a track directly south :
By coach to travel deem it best
And thence proceed towards the west.

The day was fair—a few short hours
Brought us in sight of Windsor's tow'rs,
And, sparing many minor names,
At length pass Henley on the Thames :
And once again (my journey o'er)
Alight at Oxford just at four.

That ancient city ah ! how dead—
The learned, gowned tribe had fled :
All empty—Colleges and Halls,
And Christ Church too had empty stalls :
The kitchen cold—" the larder lean"—
No college members save the Dean :
The bells for prayers at ten may call,
But chapel none—alas ! no hall :
Scouts, tradesmen, all make lamentation—
A certain sign of LONG VACATION !

Few days with friends I halted here,
And then set off for Glo'stershire :
For there I had resolv'd to stay
And rest a little on my way :
So off by coach—no second-rater—
Well-known to most—the Regulator !

Oxonia's towers we left behind
And mov'd as though on wings of wind :
Five miles to Ensham-bridge, and then
Just five to Witney—making ten :
Where does not Witney's fame resound ?
Where rugs and blankets are not found !
Whoever would be warm and snug
Must travel in a Witney rug :
How many have had cause to thank it
They e'er possess'd a Witney blanket !

At Staple Hall the steeds were chang'd,
And little matters there arrang'd :
“ All right”—(the notice to depart)
Again in neatest style we start ;
But scarcely have we pass'd the town,
Ere we come near to Curbridge Down ;
Where many a fam'd and valued horse
Has prov'd successful on the course ;
While some, alas ! their efforts vain,
Have oft been distanc'd on the plain :
And many men have prov'd the worse,
Depriv'd of honour, and of purse ;

Who plainly shew'd by sorry faces
How they'd been dup'd at Curbridge races !

But Minster's ruins next appear,
And Whichwood's royal forest there :
Such various scenes delight the eye—
Brooks, rivers, cultured fields, we spy :—
The Windrush winding thro' the vale—
But now I'll just relate a tale :—

Once on a time (as people say)
A certain trav'ller came that way,
And close upon the forest' side
An artless shepherd-boy he spy'd :
“ What wood is that ? ” the stranger said
“ Whichwood ! ” reply'd the rustic lad ;
“ That wood ! ” said he, in angry strain,
“ Whichwood ! ” the boy reply'd again :
The trav'ller thought the youth in sport,
And judg'd him of the baser sort ;—
A little sour'd by such suggestion,
Went on—nor ask'd another question !—

We still a pleasant view command,
And soon we reach the Bird-in-Hand :

An inn secluded and remote,
But not an inn of little note :
For few to Chelt'nham Spa repair
But stop to take refreshment there :
While some, less hurried on their way,
Have halted here to pass the day ;
Resolving thus their time to spend,—
Or with a book, or with a friend :
And what can more enhance our pleasure
Than friends and literary leisure ?

We travel on—and next we reach
A little town—yclep'd Northleach :
I'll not describe it—I'm aware
Of nothing worth description there :
But still two taverns must be nam'd
For which this little place is fam'd,
They're both kept open day by *Day*
For trav'lers on the public way ;
A man might travel thro' the nation
And not find such accommodation !

But we had only time to stay
And change our horses—thence away ;

And moving at a rapid rate,
We soon arrive at Puzedown-gate :
'Twas needful I should here descend,
Bound for the dwelling of a friend :
Imbower'd in woods—a neat abode—
Some four miles distant off the road :
So, from the vehicle alighting,
I then proceed for Temple-Guiting.

Remote from tumult—free from strife—
How happy is the rural life !
What beauteous scenes the country yields—
Woods, mountains, vales, and flow'ry fields :
The murm'ring brooks, the warbling birds,
The bleating flocks, the lowing herds ;
Whate'er I hear—whate'er I see
Is sweet—and all have charms for me !

Within a hamlet—near a wood—
The peaceful rustic cottage stood :
So pleasant and withal so neat—
Few larger mansions more complete :
Of requisites an ample store—
A little garden near the door ;

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A pig, perhaps, within the sty,
A spring of wholesome water nigh :
A wood from which the vocal throng
Delight you daily with their song ;
And where at night is often heard
That tuneful "melancholy bird,"
Whose charming notes I know so well—
Unequall'd songstress—Philomel !

Thus entertained—few days I spent
At this lov'd "cottage of content :"
Yet would have made a longer stay,
But urgent business call'd away :
With friends reluctantly I parted,
And next for Wor'stershire I started !

'Twas noon—for Phœbus on his way
Had reach'd the high meridian-day ;
When I, so much against my will,
Set out for Bourton on the Hill :
But here it should be understood,
It is not always as we would,
For while we run our mortal race
There's many a *must-be* in the case.

Who to his calling thus attends
Must sacrifice to place, to friends :—
I reason'd thus—and deem'd it thence
The way mark'd out by Providence !

But soon at Bourton I arrive,
And thence I start again at five :
Just time to rest and take my tea—
And see whate'er there was to see :—
The coach comes up—in half an hour
We gain a sight of Broadway tow'r :
Nor that alone—behind is Stow,
And Moreton in the Marsh below.
Then pass thro' Evesham's fruitful vale
And Pershore's borders next we hail :
To change our horses here we wait
And enter Wor'ster just at eight.

I from the vehicle alight
Resolving here to pass the night ;
Designing thus my time to spend
With a kind relative and friend.
A friend ! we here and there resort
But find not friends in every port ;

For things so valued and so rare
Remind me of the fabled hare ;
Who vainly trusting in too many,
At length found out she had not any !
Next morning, much refresh'd, I rise,
Awhile on Wor'ster feast my eyes ;
At many novel sights I stare—
Her churches and her china-ware :
The great cathedral there I view,
Tho' old—to me the scene was new ;
The monument of Bishop Hough
Itself had surely been enough ;
With relics rare, a goodly store,
That I had never seen before !

At noon we start—and in few hours
Gain sight of "Dudley's ancient tow'rs:"(4)
But, ere we reach that pleasant scene,
Must pass through towns that lie between :
And Stourport, by the way, I'll mention—
For gratitude demands attention !—

There, close by Severn, dwells a bard,
Well worthy of a large reward :

To him I owe the meed of praise—
 'Tis HERDSON well deserves the bays,
 Who deigns to criticise my lays !

}

My "TRIP" in *patches*, duly sent,
 He kindly criticised—content
 My many little faults to mend—
 ('The sure criterion of a friend ;)
 Lest I, ('tis surely what I fear)
 Too prematurely should appear
 In public, when I'd best deposit
 My manuscript within my closet !

To Kidderminster next we come,
 Another stage—and nearer home :
 And here another place of fame—
 Who has not heard of Baxter's name ?

But now, near Stourbridge, on our right
 Are Hagley's classic bow'rs in sight ;
 Where Thomson sang in songs sublime,
 And Pope and Lyttelton would rhyme :
 And still where *modern bards* resort,
 As they were wont—the "muse to court :"

And citizens, who take the air,
Full oft to Hagley Park repair :
Thus have these shades obtain'd renown—
Although one hundred miles from town.

Now nearer Dudley still we come,
And nearer Tipton too—my home :
Where yonder clouds of smoke ascend
Can any think to find a friend ?—
So dark, so dismal they appear,
That strangers might with dread draw near,
And think that only fiends, or foes,
Could breathe where such dense clouds arose.

But there I social blessings share,
And breathe, withal, salubrious air ;
And there I valued friends have found,
True, tried, disinterested, sound !

The day declin'd—the sun was set—
But still the curfew had not yet
Toll'd (as 'twas wont, to bid our sires
Put out their candles and their fires ;)
When we to Dudley came—for there
To ancient customs they adhere ;

And ring at eight the curfew-bell,
Like many others I could tell ;
But few, if any, there, I doubt
Would put their fires and candles out :
Though ancient customs they admire,
They love a snug and cheerful fire ;—
Thus Dudley folks, it seems to me,
Are fond of *light* and liberty !

The coach I leave—and now repair
To Tipton—Oh that I were there !—
For well my readers may suppose
Me rather long before I close.

Now num'rous blazing cones in sight,
And burning coke-hearths lend their light ;
Steam-engines roar with hideous sound,
And pond'rous hammers shake the ground,
Where men, like Vulcan's sons, are seen—
At Parker's Forge, or Tipton-Green.—
But stay—at length I find I'm come
To Bloomfield—my long-look'd-for home :
Through London, Paris, I have been,
But have not found a happier scene :

'Tis here my leisure hours I spend—
Or with a book, or with a friend :
And here a grateful song I'll raise,
To Him who claims my highest praise ;
From whom I ev'ry good receive—
To him may I the glory give :
And, when life's little journey's o'er,
May I attain that blissful shore,
To meet with friends—and part no more !

}

THE END.

NOTES ON PART I.

Note 1, page 3, line 2.

As you it left at Bagatelle.

Bagatelle Cottage, Chippenham, Wilts. The word literally signifies a trifle.

Note 2, page 5, line 18.

—far-fam'd antient Verulam.

St. Albans an antient town in the county of Hertford, and situated 21 miles from London is celebrated in the early history of this country. It was the Verulamium of the Romans which the British heroine Boadicea laid in ashes, after she had caused 70,000 Romans to bite the dust; here also had Cassibelaunus been defeated by Cæsar, and it was in the vicinity of this town that two memorable engagements were fought between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.

Note 3, page 6, line 3.

My inn the Windmill.

The Windmill Inn, St. John's-street, West Smithfield, a Northamptonshire-house.

Note 4, page 6, line 18.

And write his name at Portland-place.

Before the tourist proceeds on his route, it is absolutely necessary for him to procure a passport. To obtain this he must apply at the office of the French Ambassador, No. 50, Portland-place, between the hours of twelve and four. He must signify his wish, and leave his name. If he call at the office on the following day, between one and three, he will obtain the passport without expence, signed by the Ambassador, or his Secretary, in whose presence he (the applicant) must sign his name. The traveller's passport will be demanded at most fortified towns, and examined by the officer on duty.

Note 5, page 9, line 3.

Approach to Viscount Flavigny

A writer to the embassy.

The Ambassador's secretary (M. le Vicomte de Flavigny). In allusion to the secretary's duties, a correspondent in the "Morning Herald" speaks thus: "The present functionary in that office is perfectly unobjectionable; he is as expeditious, and as courteous withal, as any functionary in any station whatever; but as he is not endowed with the miraculous quality of discharging more than one man's share of duty, he is necessarily incompetent to the demands of the travelling public. Let it be only remembered that he must hold a special conference with every applicant the male—and alas! poor man—the female part likewise. He has to survey you from top to toe—to lay down the map of your countenance—settle the depth of a wrinkle, and measure the height of your nose!"

Note 6, page 10, line 13.

*'Twas down in Fleet-street,—
We stopt our spirits to restore.*

An eating-house in St. Bride's-passage, Fleet-street.

Note 7, page 12, line 3.

*—far-fam'd fort of Tilbury;
Where once a warlike British queen.*

On the approach of the "Invincible Armada," in the reign of Elizabeth, a body of twenty-two thousand foot, and a thousand horse, under the command of the earl of Leicester, was stationed at Tilbury. These forces were reserved for guarding the queen's person, and were appointed to march whithersoever the enemy should appear. The more to excite the martial spirit of the nation, the queen appeared on horseback in the camp; and riding through the lines, discovered a cheerful and animated countenance, exhorted the soldiers to remember their duty to their country and their religion, and professed her intention, though a woman, to lead them herself into the field against the enemy.

Note 8, page 12, line 11.

The Royal Regent.

The Regent ship, 120 guns, then lying off Chatham, said to be the largest in the British navy.

Note 9, page 14, line 14.

It was a civic festival.

At Canterbury demonstrations of joy were evinced by every species of pyrotechnical skill, as it was the

Mayor's feast-day. On our arrival at the Falstaff Inn, without the gate, it was deemed necessary that our high-mettled steeds should be guided by footmen, in order to avoid accident, as the brilliant display of fire-works was dazzling in the extreme.

Note 10, page 16, line 18.

'Twas punch had plainly prov'd too strong.

Meantime, I would not always dread the bowl—

—————But when you smooth

The brows of care, indulge your festive vein

In cups by well-inform'd experience found

The least your bane; and only with your friends.

ARMSTRONG.

Note 12, page 17, line 17.

Not that by some call'd England's key.

Dover Castle has probably received this appellation from its commanding situation. It is so strongly fortified by nature as to excite the admiration of every beholder; and the ascent to it, though somewhat difficult, amply repays the curious traveller. The inn at which we stopped is a very commodious house—the Castle Inn in the Market-place.

Note 13, page 18, line 12.

————the samphire-gath'ring boy.

In the immediate vicinity of Dover are romantic and tremendous rocks which overhang the town, and seem to threaten the passenger with immediate destruction. About the centre of Snaregate-street is the Shaft, con-

sisting of a staircase, which is perforated through the rock and ascends to the summit of the heights. To the south of Dover is the cliff; mentioned by Shakspeare the samphire-gatherer is thus described :

—————half-way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire ; dreadful trade !

NOTES ON PART II.

Note 1, page 22, line 16.

— *Garçon through the inn resounds.*

The word *Garçon* literally a *boy*, is the common term by which a waiter is known at a French inn. As most travellers have, or ought to have, "a few French phrases," in *stock*, such as "*tant pis* and *tant mieux*, two of the great hinges in French conversation," we, like others, may be supposed to know enough of the *linge*, to take us through France. The *carte des vins* (line 21) may be translated *list of wines* : therefore, if the reader prefer it, he may read as follows—'*Waiter through the inn resounds,*' and, '*the list of wines was brought.*'

Note 2, page 24, line 10.

*The pillar, pier, and boulevards green ;
(The place where Louis landed too,)
And mark'd for once a monarch's shoe.*

The most interesting object at Calais is the Pier ; and this derives its interest from the continual bustle occa-

sioned by the endless succession of travellers, eager to gaze on the wonders of the continent, and from the pillar erected to commemorate the return of Louis XVIII. from England. Opposite to this pillar is shewn the first impression of his foot on landing.

Note 3, page 25, line 4.

Right glad our business was completed.

The *business* here alluded to, is that of changing passports. However it was required that this police-regulation should be complied with, and we accordingly attended to it—*pro forma*.

Note 4, page 33, line 3.

A well-known inn—surnamed of London.

Hotel de l'Echiquier, or de Londres, Rue de l'Echiquier. This house, although rather remote from the centre of Paris, offers very comfortable accommodation to travellers.

Note 5, page 34, line 9.

Like Boileau's hideous cats of yore.

The poet in his sixth satire enumerates the disagreeables of Paris, among which are the cats, the mice, and the rats; and though I heard not the latter disturbers, I certainly was annoyed with the *cryings* of cats, at a very early hour, when these lines recurred to memory.

—Quel fâcheux démon durant les nuits entières,
Rassemble ici les chats de toutes les gouttières?
L'un miaule en grondant comme un tigre en furie;
L'autre roule sa voix comme un enfant qui crie.

The following is nearly a literal translation :

What horrid demon summons all his crew
Each night?—a host of cats with hideous mew,
One like a furious tiger, raging wild;
Another not unlike a fretful child.*

Note 6, page 35, line 5.

*The arch-triumphal, seen afar,
Resembles most some glitt'ring star !*

This beautiful portal forms a conspicuous object from the Tuilleries. Its appearance is peculiarly striking. I will not say that I was moved by stellar influence, but no sooner had I seen this grand entrance (ARC DE TRIOMPHE DE L'ETOILE) which I will here call Star-gate, than I felt a strong impulse to approach it.

Note 7, page 36, line 8.

*As it was my intent, you know,
To pass in Paris for a beau.*

I would not have the reader suppose that I intended to become a dandy, my main object in purchasing a cap was to appear somewhat in character.

Note 8, page 37, line 14.

*A learned pastor—friend to truth—
Instructor of the rising youth.*

The gentleman here mentioned is one of the pastors of the Reformed Church, in the Rue St. Honoré, at Paris. His kind services in the church and schools for

* Mirror, Vol. XI. page 243.

mutual instruction have been frequently mentioned in a valuable periodical, entitled *Archives du Christianisme*, or, The Protestant Magazine.

Note 9, page 38, line 14.

“ *You cannot enter en casquette.*”

It appeared that orders had been issued that no persons wearing caps (*casquettes*) should be allowed to pass the Triumphal Arch of the Tuileries. On our arrival there, to our surprise, the sentry forbade our entrance: I asked his particular reason, he replied “*Vous ne pouvez pas entrer en casquette.*” (You cannot enter in your cap.) We then very leisurely went through the Rue de Rivoli, and entered by the Place de Louis XV.

Note 9, page 43, line 2.

— *that monstrous buzzing bell.*

The bell here spoken of is commonly called *Le Bourdon*, which is rung on public occasions. It is said to weigh nearly 36,000lbs. The clapper weighs 976lbs. This bell was presented to the Parisian cathedral, by Lewis XIV.—saved from destruction by the address of an honest admirer of its peals.

Note 10, page 47, line 8.

— *that famous monument*

*Adorn'd with records, read in story,
Of Russia's loss, and Gallia's glory.*

The column in the Place Vendôme is in imitation of the pillar of Trajan at Rome. It is built of stone, covered with bass-reliefs, (representing the various victories of the French army) composed of twelve hundred pieces

of cannon taken from the Russian and Austrian armies. The column is of the Doric order. The bass-reliefs of the shaft display in chronological order the principal actions of the campaign, from the departure of the troops from Boulogne to the battle of Austerlitz. Upon the capital is the following inscription :—*Monument élevé à la gloire de la grande armée, commencé le 25 Août 1806, terminé le 15 Août 1810, sous la direction de M. Denon, directeur général, de M. G. Lepère et de M. Gondouin, architectes.* On the summit of the column, as on that of Trajan, is a gallery, the ascent to which is by a spiral staircase of 176 steps in the centre of the pillar. It commands a fine view of Paris.

Note 11, page 47, line 15.

So here we all resolv'd to stay—

Grignon, 4 Rue Neuve des Petits Champs. The following bill of fare may perhaps amuse the curious reader.

		<i>francs. sous.</i>	<i>s. d.</i>
Potages	(Soup)	1 12	1 4
Pain	(Bread)	1 0	0 10
Côtelettes	(Cutlets)	2 0	1 8
Pommes de terre	(Potatoes)	2 0	1 8
Fromage de Chester	} (Cheese)	1 12	1 4
Fromage de Roquefort			
Noisettes	(Nuts)	2 0	1 8
Raisins	(Grapes)	1 0	0 10
Pêches	(Peaches)	3 0	2 6
Vin de Bordeaux	(Claret)	3 0	2 6
Bière Anglaise	(English Beer)	0 10	0 5
		<hr/>	<hr/>
		17 14	14 9

P

Note 12, page 49, line 12.

*Like birds of passage—thought it better
To move obedient to a letter.*

It may be needful to observe that wild-geese, and other migratory birds fly in zig-zag forms, or (as the people say in the vicinity of the Lincolnshire fens,) in a *letter*. Homer speaks thus of Cranes: Pope's Homer's Iliad, Book 8, line 8.

"To warmer seas the cranes embody'd fly,
With noise, and order, thro' the mid-way sky."

Note 13, page 50, line 6.

*Such elegance in all its features—
It much resembles great St. Peters!*

The Pantheon, or Church of St. Geneviève, is in the form of a cross, 339 feet long, and 253 broad. The portal, in imitation of that of the Pantheon at Rome, consists of a noble peristyle of twenty-two Corinthian columns. These columns form a spacious porch, crowned with a grand bass-relief, sculptured by Coustou. The interior of the temple is decorated with 130 Corinthian columns. Above rises a lofty dome, resembling a circular temple, formed of 52 pillars each 54 feet high, supported by a circular basement, which rises above an octangular sub-basement; surmounted by a smaller dome. The total height of the building is 282 feet. Thus far may it be said to resemble St. Paul's at London. Its likeness to St. Peter's at Rome may be learnt from the following extract: "Placé sur une hauteur, il s'aperçoit de très-loin, et son dôme produit sur les voyageurs, le même effet que celui de Saint-Pierre de Rome." (Beautés de l'Histoire de France.) The catacombs, here mentioned, are vaults beneath the church, and not the

celebrated catacombs near the Barrière d'Enfer. These extensive vaults extend the whole length of the church. In one of the subterraneous cells is a remarkable echo, which repeats a sentence distinctly. These are the repositories of the illustrious dead, among whom are the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Marshal Lannes, the Dutch Admiral De Winter, Lagrange the mathematician, and Bougainville the circumnavigator.

Note 14, page 53, line 10.

*Each truant boy his station takes
And tempts them oft with bread and cakes.*

The bears here alluded to occupy sunken enclosures: they afford much amusement to juvenile visitors, nor are these playful prisoners overlooked by "children of larger growth." The following account may tend to illustrate my remark: "Il y a plusieurs Ours qui sont d'un instinct singulier à la parole et à la volonté public; en leur promettant du pain ou un gateau ils montent à un arbre fourchu, mis au milieu de leur retraite à ce sujet, et font mille singeries." Nouvelle Description de la Ménagerie.

NOTES ON PART III.

Note 1, page 65, line 4.

*———— we now advance
And leave this "Manchester of France."*

Rouen and its neighbourhood (says Mr. Birbeck) is a principal seat of the couch manufactory; the Manchester of France. The majestic capital of Normandy

stands on the north of the Seine. It is seven miles in circumference, and one of the most opulent cities of France.

The cathedral, originally built by William the Conqueror, is a perfect specimen of the noblest Gothic architecture, though it was considerably injured by lightning, September 15, 1822, as stated on page 62. Its striking appearance is thus described: "Arrivé au haut de la Rue Grand-Pont, qui se termine à la place de la Cathédrale, le voyageur s'arrête malgré lui pour considérer la façade de cet édifice, du gothique le plus léger comme le plus élégant." The other places worthy of observation are the Abbey of St. Owen, distinguished by a beautiful spire; and the Palace of Justice a noble Gothic edifice, containing the great hall formerly appropriated to the parliaments of Rouen. The following description is found in Lecarpentier's Rouen Guide (*Itinéraire de Rouen*). Le palais de justice, d'un gothique extrêmement délicat, et très hardi dans son exécution, mérite toute l'attention des amateurs de ce genre d'architecture. La première salle, s'appelle salle des procureurs. Cette première salle est d'une très-grande étendue, sa voute en plein cintre est extrêmement hardie, son pavé en larges pierres est vouté dans son entier. La charpente, qui sert de voute, représente parfaitement la carcasse d'un vaisseau renversé.

The suburb of St. Sever, on the other side of the Seine, communicates with the city by a bridge of boats which rises and falls with the tide.

Note 2, page 68, line 18.

——— *wooden shoes:*

So odd their shape—so loud their clatter.

On the traveller's arrival in Normandy one of the first things that will strike the attention is the odd variety

of dress exhibited in the streets and market-places—great coats, jackets, trousers, caps, cocked hats, and wooden shoes, are all displayed in delightful mixture.

Note 3, page 68, line 22

*For I had landed on that shore
With a firm friend.*

In the autumn of 1821, I sailed from Brighton in company with a particular friend (Mr. Cheesman, Distillery, Dorking, Surrey,) from the banks of the romantic Mole. We went on board the Cornwallis Packet, Capt. Blaber, at eight o'clock P. M. and arrived at Dieppe about noon the following day. We proceeded to Taylor's Hotel (*Hôtel d'Angleterre*) under the Arcades, a good inn; and after passing a day at Dieppe, set out for Rouen. We reached that ancient city at day-break, and were surprised on being driven into the dilapidated church of St. Herbland, which had been converted into a coach-office. Our inn there was the Hôtel de Normandie, Rue de l'Ecureuil. During our stay we had a fine view of the city and beautiful environs from Mount St. Catherine, which every traveller should visit. We also saw the Cathedral, Town-house, and other public buildings, and upon the whole were amply repaid for the trouble we had taken to gain a sight of this celebrated capital.

Note 4, page 69, line 12.

*—Those outside must now get down—
Not daring to ride thro' the town.*

It is contrary to police-regulations that passengers should ride on the outside.

Note 5, page 72, line 8.

The town and castle we explore.

The castle that overhangs the town of Dieppe offers a fine view, but it is difficult to gain access to it. The

avenues leading to the castle will, however, repay the traveller for the trouble of ascending them, by the varied and lively scenery which they present.

The following lines from the pen of a respected correspondent mentioned in Note 3, are descriptive of the spot.

" And have you really then giv'n o'er
 Your travelling, and mean no more
 To jaunt about, or cross the sea
 To visit France, or Normandy?
 And will aerial tours avail
 To check desires, as well as real
 Journeying about, and showing your face
 In many a new and pleasant place?
 And will your "castles in the air"
 (Alas! what numbers build theirs there—)
 Suffice for those of solid stone,
 Grimly frowning on some town?
 " Like a bold vet'ran grey in arms"—
 (That line's not mine, but Poet Burns')
 Semblance of one we saw at Dieppe,
 With turrets high, and moat so deep,
 O'erhanging crags tremendous steep!" }

Note 6, page 73, line 6.

"You cannot stand, Sirs, during prayers,
 "But absolutely must take chairs."

It may be as well to observe that chairs are the common seats in the French Churches: we were therefore requested to take seats in nearly the following words—

"*Vous ne pouvez rester là, il faut prendre des chaises.*"

NOTES ON PART IV.

Note 1, page 79, line 8.

*Supported by His powerful hand,
Who made the sea and form'd the land.*

Although the wisdom of omnipotence is discoverable in every part of the creation, perhaps it is nowhere more clearly demonstrated than in the wonders of the deep. "The sea is His, (says the Psalmist) and he made it:" *Ps. xcv. v. 5.* and again, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep." *Ps. cvii. v. 23, 24.*

Note 2, page 79, line 18.

*While others heartily regale
On fine French mutton and fresh ale.*

This dinner on deck, reminds one of that of the Conqueror, on his approach to the British shores, as mentioned by M. Thierry in his work entitled *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands*. Thus he observes: "The vessel of the Duke being a better sailer than the rest of the fleet, outstripped them during the day, and in the course of the night left them far behind. In the morning the Duke commanded a seaman to go a-head and look out for the rest of his ships, who reported that he saw nothing but the ocean and the sky,

upon which they came to anchor. The Duke assumed a cheerful air; and afraid lest anxiety and fearfulness should infect his followers, made them serve upon deck a sumptuous collation, in which there was no want of wines strongly spiced. The singer of Mantua (says William of Poitiers) would have found no unworthy theme in commemorating the gentle courtesy and the tranquillity which presided at this repast. They cleared the port of St. Valery on the 29th of September, and arrived next day, the 30th of September 1066, at Pevensey, in Sussex, near the town of Hastings."

Note 3, page 82, line 18.

*Now Leith-Hill tow'r appears in sight,
And Anstie Bury's fir-crown'd height.*

Leith-Hill, situated a few miles south of Dorking, Surrey, presents one of the most enchanting prospects in England, and is said to be more pleasing than the Appennines, or the mountains of Viterbo, in Italy. From this "speculative height" is a delightful view of the wilds of Surrey and Sussex, and a great part of those of Kent. This diversified scene, like a beautifully-coloured map, extends itself for many miles, and is richly ornamented with woods, corn and pastures. About noon, on a serene day, the sea is visible through a chasm of the South Downs, near Shoreham. From the same spot London is distinctly seen, directly over the celebrated Box-Hill. On this hill, stands Leith-Hill Tower, built as a prospect-house, by a wealthy individual, the proprietor, in 1776. Anstie Bury is supposed to be a Roman encampment. Its area is a delightful grove of larch, Scotch firs, and other forest trees.

Note 4, page 92, line 16.

"Dudley's ancient tow'rs."

Dudley Castle, a venerable vestige of antiquity, is thus described by my friend and critic :

"Yon rising hill that in the south appears,
"From its firm base, e'en to the summit clad
"With verdant trees, each peeping o'er the head
"Of its more humble neighbour,—on whose top
"A crown of rugged ruins, tow'ring stands,
"Is Dudley's ancient castle ;—where the pile
"Peeps in dread silence thro' the shading trees,
"And stretches to our view its beaten walls
"Beyond the grass-grown moat :—the moat we pass,
"And through this doorless archway entrance gain,
"Into a spacious area opening wide.
"Beneath our feet the softest verdure springs,
"And like a carpet spreads the level plain.
"A wide circumf'rence see of broken tow'rs,
"And roofless halls, with here and there
"The outlines of an antique window grac'd :
"The loosened stones in frightful postures hang,
"Threat'ning to fall with ev'ry moving breeze.
"But we must leave these solitary scenes,—
"And, slow descending 'neath this gloomy arch,
"We quickly reach the watchman's lonely tower.
"Now Dudley rushes sudden on the eye,
"And unexpected, takes us by surprise,
"Spreading, as in a map, before our view
"Its crowded dwellings and its sacred piles !"

The End.

ERRATA.

- Page 54 line 16, for Camelopard, read Cameleopard.**
— **69 line 19, for Petits, read Petit's.**
— **72 line 17, for retrogade, read retrograde.**
— **80 line 4, for Beechey Head, read Beachey Head.**
— **100 omitted, Note 11, page 16, line 20.**

Not half the pace of Tally-ho.

The coach from London to Canterbury:

- **104 line 11, for ne pouvez-pas, read ne pouvez.**

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